

dig; this was his "task", later we had night "working parties", our task was the same. The most difficult part of our training was now at hand-the longer route marches, across the sandy terrain, sometimes in full marching order, with our equipment well filled with ammunition, haversacks laden with "iron rations" Water bottle full, waterproof sheet, raincoat, and blanket rolled and carried on top of our pack-sack, and of course carrying our rifle. At first quite a number of men dropped out after a few miles, and when this occurred we would stop for a short rest, and turn for home. The older officers suffered and made a brave effort to keep up, but they were later excused when the going got tough. However the "esprit de corps" never lessened; we were proud of our officers, and they in turn gave abundant evidence that we must be one for all, and all for one.

Next issue Our Regiment is invited to Brandon.

See You Soon.

Old Timer.